



Drawn by Lady Diana Beauclerk

Engraved June 1. 1796 by R. S. Harding Pall Mall.

Published by M. Rivlin 1796.

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LEONORA.

TRANSLATED FROM

THE GERMAN

OF

GOTTFRIED AUGUSTUS BÜRCHER,

BY

W. R. SPENCER, Esq.

WITH

DESIGNS

BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERC.

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1796.

ALPHABET



P R E F A C E.

THE Works of Mr. Burgher, the Author of this and many other Poems of the ballad kind, are universally esteemed, wherever the German language prevails as a national idiom, or is cultivated as a branch of education. Simplicity is the characteristic of his compositions; and of all literary beauties, simplicity must be the most generally attractive. It is no common merit to excel in a style which all understand, many admire, and but few can attain. To this merit Mr. Burgher has an undoubted claim; a claim our countrymen

P R E F A C E.

would be the first to allow, could they enjoy his expressions in their original purity, or his ideas in a faithful translation. No writer perhaps has ever obtained a more decided popularity. To this his subjects and his language equally contribute; for the former he has mostly chosen local traditions, or legendary anecdotes; and in the latter he is generally elegant, often sublime, and never unintelligible. Such qualifications ensure him the suffrage of every class of readers. The scholar and the moralist cannot refuse praise where they have found entertainment, without disgust to their taste, or danger to their principles; and the mechanic peruses with delight, sentiments suited to his feelings, imagery familiar to his mind, and precepts adapted to his practice.

One of the most powerful causes of Mr. Burgher's literary popularity, is the deep tinge of superstition that shades almost all his compositions.

P R E F A C E.

Supernatural incidents are the darling subjects of his countrymen. Their minds vigorously conceive, and their language nobly expresses, the terrible and majestic: and it must be allowed, that in this species of writing they would force from our nation the palm of excellence, were it not secured by the impregnable towers of Otranto. Of all their productions of this kind, Leonora is perhaps the most perfect. The story in a narrow compass unites tragic event, poetical surprise, and epic regularity. The admonitions of the Mother are just, although ill-timed. The despair of the Daughter at once natural, and criminal; her punishment dreadful, but equitable. Few objections can be made to a subject, new, simple, and striking; and none to a moral, which cannot be too frequently or too awfully enforced.

The Translator must apologise to those who are “*docti sermones utriusque linguae*,” for some de-

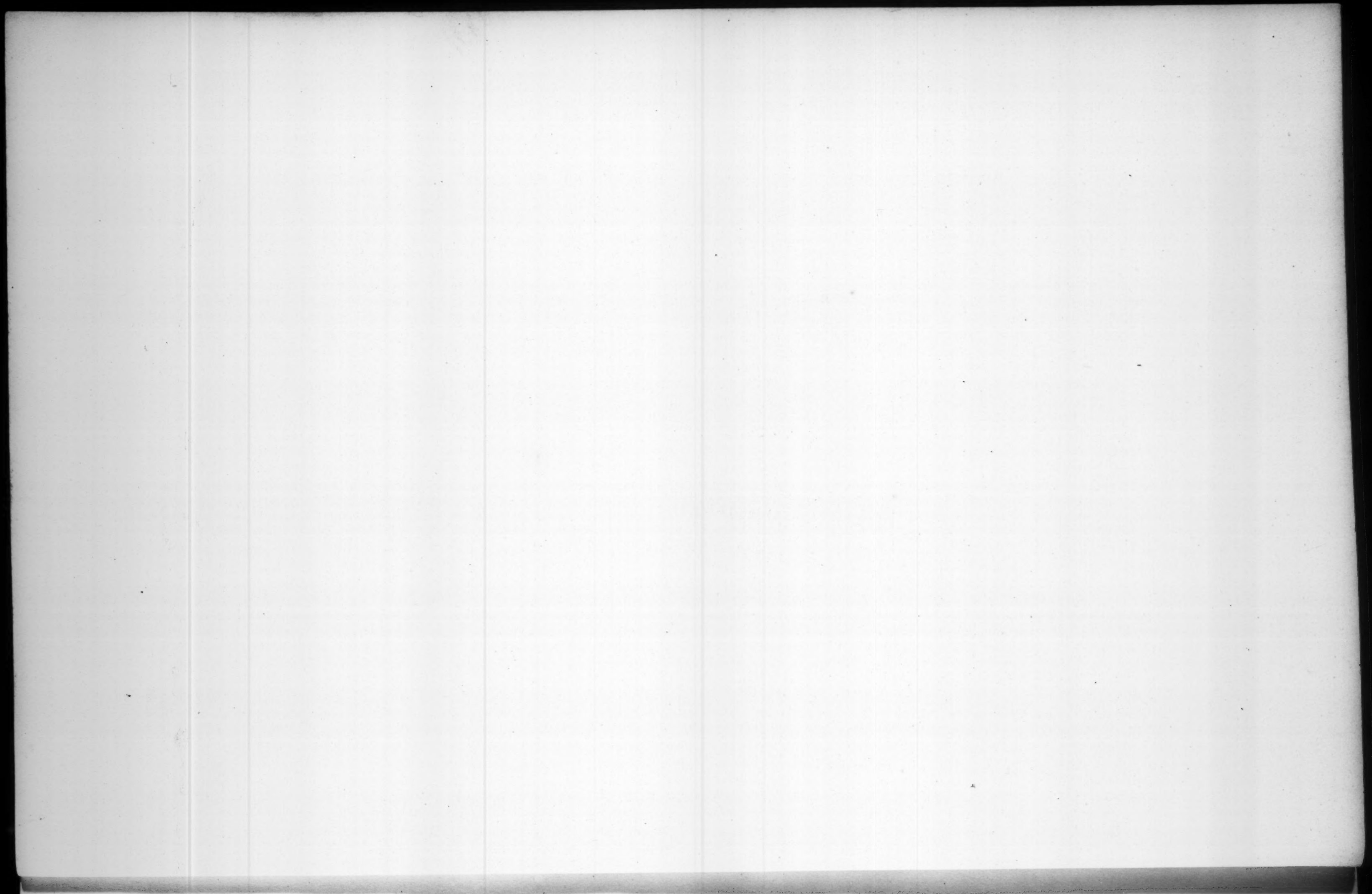
P R E F A C E.

viations from the original text. Mr. Burgher has repeatedly used words merely for sound, as 'trap, trap, trap,' for the trotting of an horse; and 'cling, cling, cling,' for the ringing of a door bell. These echos to the sense, which are strictly "*vox et preterea nihil*," custom may reconcile to a German taste; but, literally adopted in an English version, they would appear more ridiculous than descriptive. In general it is hoped, that, although many beauties may have been obscured, no essential meaning has been omitted or adulterated.

Between the completion of this Poem and its publication, which has been unavoidably delayed, as much time was required by the artists to do justice to those exquisite designs, which are its brightest ornament; an elegant version of the same ballad has been published by Mr. Pye. Had the Author of this translation foreseen the intentions of the Laureat, he would not probably have

P R E F A C E.

risked a contest with such a distinguished competitor; but, as he had long entered the field before Mr. Pye appeared as his adversary, he will not now shrink from a combat where doubtful victory must ensure applause, and even complete failure allow the consolation of “*Æneæ magni dextra cadit.*”



LEONORA.



LEBODKE.

LEBODKE fuhr um's Morgenroth

Empor aus schweren Träumen:

„Bist untreu, Wilhelm, oder todt?

Wollte lange wollst du säumen?“—

Er war mit König Friedrichs Macht

Bezogen in die Prager Schlacht,

Und hatte nicht geschrieben

Ob er gesund geblieben.



LEONORA.

From visions of disastrous love
Leonora starts at dawn of day;

“How long, my Wilhelm, wilt thou rove?
Does death or falsehood cause thy stay?”
Since he with godlike Frederick’s pow’rs
At Prague had foremost dar’d the foe,
No tidings cheer’d her lonely hours,
No rumour told his weal or woe.

Der König und die Kaiserin,
Des langen Haders müde,
Erweichten ihren harten Sinn,
Und machten endlich Friede;
Und jedes Heer, mit Sing und Sang,
Mit Hautenschlag und Kling und Klang,
Beschnückt mit grünen Reifern,
Zog heim zu seinen Häusern.

Und überall all überall,
Auf Wegen und auf Stegen,
Zog Alt und Jung dem Jubelschall
Der Kommenden entgegen.
Gottlob! rief Kind und Gattin laut,
Willkommen! manche frohe Braut.
Ach! aber für Kneoren
War Grufs und Kuß verlohren.

Empress, and King, alike fatigued,
 Now bade the storm of battle cease;
 Their arms relenting friendship leagued,
 And heal'd the bleeding world with Peace.
 They sing, they shout, their cymbals clang,
 Their green wreaths wave, they come, they come;
 Each war-worn Hero comes to hang
 With trophies his long wept for home.

While from each bastion, tower, and shed,
 Their country's general blessing flowers;
 Love twines for every laurel'd head,
 His garland of domestic flowers.
 How welcome husbands, sons, return'd!
 What tears, what kisses greet the brave!
 Alone poor Leonora mourn'd,
 Nor tear, nor kiss, nor welcome gave.

Sie frug den Zug wohl auf und ab,
Und frug nach allen Dainen;
Noch keiner war, der Kundschaft gab,
Von allen, so da kamen.
Als nun das Heer vorüber war,
Zerraupte sie ihr Rabenhaar,
Und warf sich hin zur Erde
Mit wüthiger Geberde.

Die Mutter lief wohl hin zu ihr:
"Ach, dafs sich Gott erbarme!
Du trautes Kind, was ist mit dir?"
Und schlofs sie in die Arme.

"O Mutter, Mutter! hin ist hin!
Nun fahre Welt und alles hin!
Bey Gott ist kein Erbarmen;
O weh, O weh mir Armen—!"

From rank to rank, from name to name,
The fond inquirer trembling flew;
But none by person or by fame,
Aught of her gallant Wilhelm knew.
When all the joyous bands were gone,
Aghast she tore her raven hair;
On the cold earth she cast her down,
Convuls'd with frenzy and despair.

In haste th' affrighted mother flew,
And round her clasp'd her aged arms:

“Oh, God! her griefs with mercy view,

“Oh, calm her constant heart's alarms!”

“Oh, mother! past is past; 'tis o'er;

“Nor joy, nor world, nor hope I see;

“Thy God my anguish hears no more,

“Alas, alas! Oh, woe is me!”

„Hilf Gott, hilf! Sieh uns gnädig an!
Kind, bet' ein Vaterunser!

Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan;
Gott, Gott erbarmt sich Unser!”

„O Mutter, Mutter! Eitler Wahn!
Gott hat an mir nicht wohlgethan!
Was half, was half mein Beten?
Dum ist's nicht mehr nothwendig.”

„Hilf Gott, hilf! Wer den Vater kennt,
Der weiß, er hilft den Kindern;
Das hochgelobte Sakrament
Wird deinen Jammer lindern.”

„O Mutter, Mutter! Was mich brennt,
Das lindert mir kein Sakrament!
Kein Sakrament mag Leben
Den Todten wiedergeben.”

“ Oh, hear, great God! with pity hear!

“ My child, thy prayer to Heaven address;

“ God does all well; 'tis ours to bear;

“ God gives, but God relieves distress.”

“ All trust in Heaven is weak and frail;

“ God ill, not well, by me has done;

“ I pray'd, while prayers could yet avail;

“ Now prayers are vain, for Wilhelm's gone.”

“ Oh, ever in affliction's hour

“ The Father hears his children's cry;

“ His blessed sacraments shall pour

“ True comfort o'er thy misery.”

“ Oh, mother, pangs like mine that burn,

“ What sacrament can e'er allay?

“ What sacrament can bid return

“ Life's spirit to the mouldering clay?”

“ Hör, Kind! wie, wenn der falsche Mann,
Im fernem Agerlande,
Sich seines Glaubens abgethan,
Zum neuen Ehebande?
Lass fahren, Kind, sein Herz dahin!
Er hat es nimmermehr Gehört!
Wann Seel' und Leib sich trennen,
Wird ihn sein Scheid brennen.”

“ O Mutter, Mutter! Sein ist hin!
Verlohren ist verlohren!
Der Tod, der Tod ist mein Gehört!
O war' ich nie gehöret!
Licht aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus!
Stirb hin, stirb hin in Nacht und Graus!
Bey Gott ist kein Erbarmen:
O weh, o weh mir Armen!”

“But if, my child, in distant lands,

“Unmindful of his plighted vows,

“Thy false one courts another's bands,

“Fresh kisses, and a newer spouse,

“Why let the perjured rover go;

“No blessings shall his new love bring,

“And when death lays his body low,

“Thy wrongs his guilty soul shall sting.”

“My pangs no cure nor comfort crave;

“Joy, hope, and life, alike I scorn;

“My hope is death, my joy the grave,

“Curs'd be the day that saw me born!

“Sink, sink, detested vital flame,

“Sink in the starless night of death:

“Not God's, but Wilhelm's, darling name

“Shall falter from my parting breath!”

„ Hilf Gott, hilf! Geh nicht ins Gericht
Mit deinem armen Kinde!
Sie weiß nicht, was die Zunge spricht:
Behalt' ihr nicht die Sünde!
Ach, Kind, vergiß dein irdisch Leid,
Und denk an Gott und Seligkeit!
So wird doch deiner Seelen
Der Bräutigam nicht fehlen.“

„ O Mutter! Was ist Seligkeit?
O Mutter! Was ist Hölle?
Bey ihm, bey ihm ist Seligkeit,
Und ohne Däw'helm Hölle!
Kisch aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus!
Stirb hin, stirb hin in Nacht und Graus!
Ohn' ihn mag ich auf Erden,
Stag dort nicht selig werden.“

LEONORA.

13

" Judge not, great God ! this erring child,

" No guilt her bosom dwells within ;

" Her thoughts are craz'd, her words are wild ;

" Arm not for her the death of sin !

" Oh, child ! forget thy mortal love,

" Think of God's bliss and mercies sweet ;

" So shall thy soul, in realms above,

" A bright eternal Bridegroom meet."

" Oh, mother ! what is God's sweet bliss ?

" Oh, mother, mother ! what is hell ?

" With Wilhelm there is only bliss,

" And without Wilhelm only Hell !

" O'er this torn heart, o'er these sad eyes,

" Let the still grave's long midnight reign ;

" Unless my love that bliss supplies,

" Nor earth, nor heaven can bliss contain."

So wüthete Herzweiselung
Ihr in Gehirn und Adern:
Sie fuhr mit Gottes Morfehung
Vermessen fort zu hadern;
Zerschlug den Hufen, und zerrang
Die Hand, bis Sonnenuntergang.
Bis auf am Himmelsbogen
Die goldenen Sterne zogen.

Und außen, horch! ging's trap trap trap,
Als wie von Koffschufen;
Und klirrend stieg ein Reiter ab,
An des Geländers Stufen;
Und horch! und horch! den Pfortentrug
Sanz lose, leise, klinglingling!
Dann kamen durch die Pforte
Vermehmlich diese Worte.

Thus did the demons of despair
Her wildered sense to madness strain,
Thus did her impious clamours dare
Eternal Wisdom to arraign.

She beat her breast, her hands she wrung,
Till westward sunk the car of light,
And countless stars in air were hung
To gem the matron weeds of night.

Hark! with high tread, and prancings proud,
A war horse shakes the rattling gate:
Clattering his clanking armour loud,
Alights a horseman at the grate:
And, hark! the door bell gently rings,
What sounds are those we faintly hear?
The night breeze in low murmur brings
These words to Leonora's ear.

„Holla, Holla! Thu auf mein Kind!
Schlaft, Liebchen, oder wachst du?

Wie bist noch gegen mich gesinnt?
Und weinst oder lachst du?”

„Ach, Wilhelm, du? ... So spät bei Nacht?
Schmeinet hab' ich und gewacht;

Ach, großes Leid erlitten!

Wo kommst du hergeritten?”

„Wir satteln nur um Mitternacht,

Zeit ritt ich her von Böhmen;

Ich habe spät mich aufgemacht,

Und will dich mit mir nehmen.”

„Ach, Wilhelm, erst herein geschwind!

Den Hagedorn durchlaßt der Wind,

Herein, in meinen Armen,

Herzlicher, zu erwärmen!”

LEONORA.

17

“Holla, holla! my life, my love!

“Does Leonora watch or sleep?

“Still does her heart my vows approve?

“Does Leonora smile or weep?”

“O Wilhelm, thou! these eyes for thee

“Fever’d with tearful vigils burn;

“Aye fear, and woe, have dwelt with me,

“Oh! why so late thy wish’d return?”

“At dead of night alone we ride,

“From Prague’s far distant field I come;

“’Twas late ere I could ’gin bestride

“This coal black barb, to bear thee home.”

“Oh, rest thee first, my Wilhelm, here!

“Bleak roars the blast through vale and grove;

“Oh come, thy war-worn limbs to cheer

“On the soft couch of joy and love!”

“ Laß sausen durch den Hageborn,
Laß sausen, Kind, laß sausen!
Der Kappe sebart; es klirrt der Sporn;
Ich darf allhier nicht hausen.
Komm, schürze, spring und schwinde dich
Auf meinen Kappen hinter mich!
Stuhs heut noch hundert Stellen
Stit dir in's Brautbett' eilen.

“ Ach! wolltest hundert Stellen noch
Stich heut in's Brautbett' tragen?
Gand horch! es brummt die Glocke noch,
Die eif schon angelchlagen.”

“ Sieh hin, sieh her! der Mond scheint hell:
Gair und die Todten reiten schnell:
Ich bringe dich, zur Mette,
Noch heut ins Hochzeitbette.”

"Let the bleak blast, my child, roar on,

"Let it roar on; we dare not stay:

"My fierce speed maddens to be gone,

"My furs are fet; away, away.

"Mount by thy true love's guardian side;

"We should ere this full far have sped;

"Five hundred destined miles we ride

"This night, to reach our nuptial bed."

"Our nuptial bed, this night so dark,

"So late, five hundred miles to roam?

"Yet sounds the bell, which struck, to mark

"That in one hour would midnight come."

"See there, see here, the moon shines clear,

"We and the dead ride fast away;

"I gage, though long our way, and drear,

"We reach our nuptial bed to-day."

“Sag an, wo ist dein Kämmerlein?”

Wido? Wie dein Hochzeitbettchen?”

“Weit, weit von hier! Still, kühl und klein!

Sechs Bretter und zwey Brettchen!”

“Hat's Raum für mich?” “Für dich und mich!

Komm, schürze, spring' und schwinde dich!

Die Hochzeitgäste hoffen;

Die Kammer steht uns offen.”

Schon Liebchen schürzte, sprang und schwang

Sich auf das Kofs behende;

Wohl um den trauten Reiter schlang

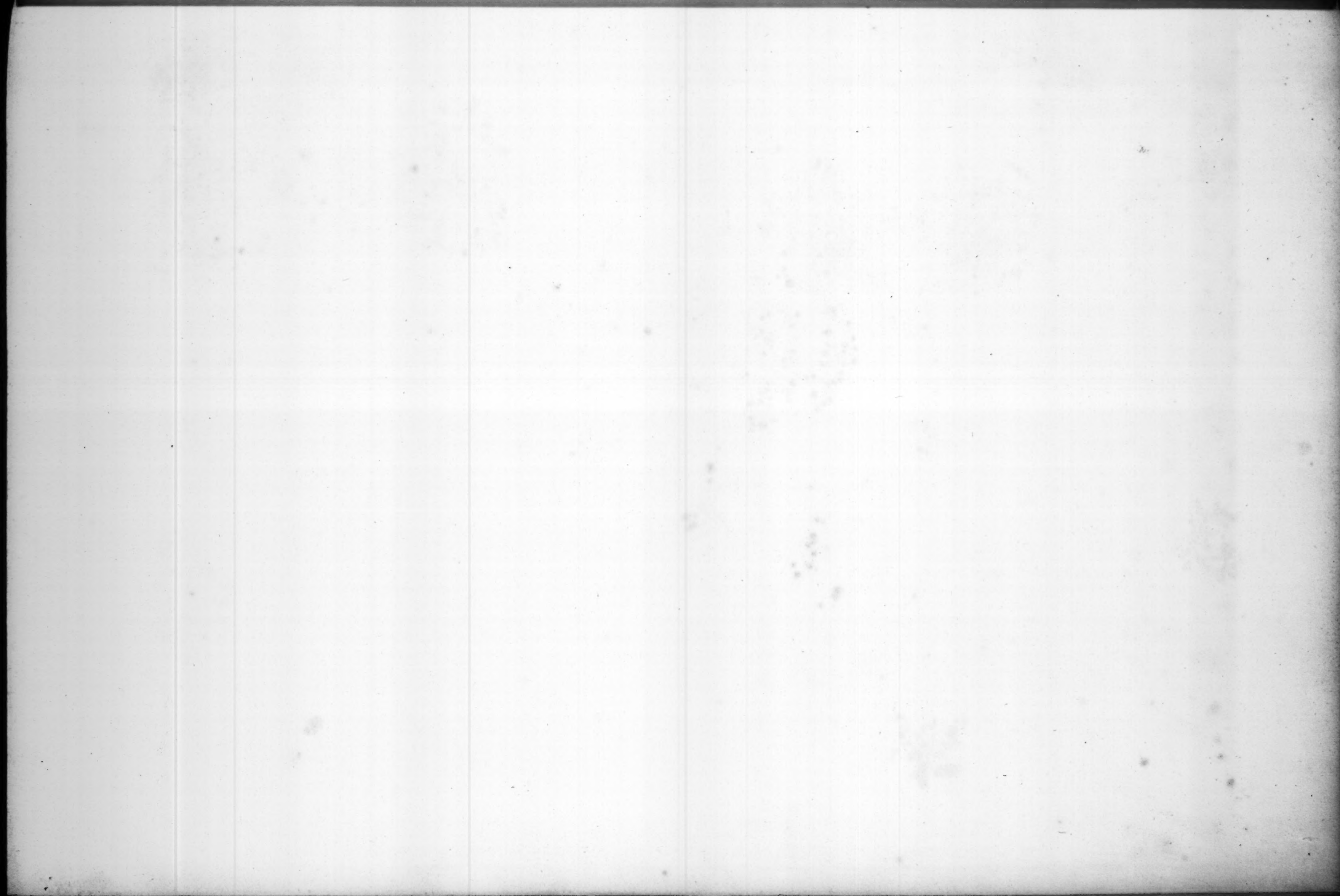
Sie ihre Lilienhände;

Und hurre hurre, hop hop hop!

Sing's fort in laulendem Galopp,

Dafs Kofs und Reiter schnoben,

Und Kies und Funken flogen.





Designed by Emily Davies, Boston, Mass.

Published June 1, 1896, by J. S. Harding, Fall Hall.

Engraved by Harding

"Say where the bed, and bridal hall?

"What guests our blissful union greet?"

"Low lies the bed, still, cold, and small;

"Six dark boards, and one milk white sheet."

"Hast room for me?" "Room, room enow:

"Come mount; strange hands our feast prepare;

"To grace the solemn rite, e'en now

"No common bridesmen wait us there."

Loofe was her zone, her breast unveil'd,

All wild her shadowy tresses hung;

O'er fear confiding love prevail'd,

As lightly on the barb she sprung.

Like wind the bounding courser flies,

Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath;

Dust, stones, and sparks, in whirlwind rife,

And horse and horseman pant for breath.

Zur rechten und zur linken Hand,
Vorbey vor ihren Blicken,

Wie flogen Anger, Haub' und Land!

Wie donnerten die Brücken!

„Braut Liebchen auch? Der Mond scheint hell!

Heurath! die Todten reiten schnell!

Braut Liebchen auch vor Todten?“

„Ach nein! Doch laß die Todten!“

Was klang dort für Gesang und Klang?

Was flatterten die Raben?

Horch Glockenklang! horch Todtensang:

„Laßt uns den Leib begraben!“

Und näher zog ein Zeichnung,

Der Sarg und Todtenbaare trug:

Das Lied war zu vergleichen

Dem Stinkruf in Leichen.

LEONORA.

23

How swift, how swift from left and right
The racing fields and hills recede;
Bourns, bridges, rocks, that cross their flight,
In thunders echo to their speed.

“Fear’st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;

“Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!

“The dead does Leonora fear?”

“Ah, no; but talk not of the dead.”

What accents flow, of wail and woe,
Have made yon shrieking raven soar?
The death bell beats! the dirge repeats,

“This dust to parent dust restore.”

Blackening the night, a funeral train
On a cold bier a coffin brings;

Their slow pace measur’d to a strain
Sad as the faddest night-bird sings.

“ Nach Mitternacht begrabt den Leib,
Mit Klang und Sang und Klage!
Jetzt führ' ich heim mein junges Weib:
Mit, mit zum Brautgelage!
Komme, Küßer, hier! Komme mit dem Chor,
Und gurgle mir das Brautlied vor!
Komme, Pfaff', und sprich den Segen,
Ob wir zu Bett' uns legen!”

Still Klang und Sang: Die Baare schwand:
Oehorsam seinem Kufen,
Kam's, hurte hurte! nachgerannt,
Hart hinter's Kappen Hufen.
Und immer weiter, hop hop hop!
Sing's fort in saufendem Salopp,
Dass Kofs und Ketter schnoben,
Und Kies und Funken flogen.





Drawn by Lady Diana Beauclerk

Pub. June 1st 1796 by E. & S. Harding Pall Mall.

A. Birrell Sc.

"This dust to dust restore, what time

"The midnight dews o'er graves are shed;

"Meanwhile of brides the flower and prime

"I carry to our nuptial bed.

"Sexton, thy sable minstrels bring!

"Come, priest, the eternal bonds to bless!

"All in deep groans our spouses sing,

"Ere we the genial pillow press."

The bier, the coffin, disappear'd,

The dirge in distant echoes died,

Quick sounds of viewless steps are heard

Hurrying the coal-black barb beside.

Like wind the bounding courser flies,

Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath;

Dust, stones, and sparks in whirlwind rise,

And horse and horseman pant for breath.

Alle flogen rechts, wie flogen links,
Gebirge, Bäume und Becken!

Alle flogen links, und rechts, und links
Die Dörfer, Städte und Flecken!

“ Braut Liebchen auch? Der Mond scheint hell!

Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!

Braut Liebchen auch vor Todten?”

“ Ach! Laß sie ruhn die Todten.”

Sieh da! sieh da! Am Hochgericht

Danz um des Kädes Spindel,

Halb sichtbarlich bey Mondenlicht,

Ein lustiges Gesindel.

“ Sasa! Gesindel, hier! Komm hier!

Gesindel, komm und folge mir!

Danz uns den Hochzeitreigen,

Wann wir zu Bette steigen!”

Mountains and trees, on left and right,
Swam backward from their aching view;
With speed that mock'd the labouring fight
Towns, villages, and castles flew.

"Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;

"Hurrah! how swiftly sped the dead!

"The dead does Leonora fear?"

"Oh leave, oh leave in peace the dead!"

See, where fresh blood-gouts mat the green,
Yon wheel its reeking points advance;
There, by the moon's wan light half seen,
Grim ghosts of tomble's murderers dance.

"Come, spectres of the guilty dead,

"With us your goblin morris ply,

"Come all in festive dance to tread,

"Ere on the bridal couch we lie."

Sind das Gefindel hufch hufch hufch!

Es am hinten nachgepraffelt,

Wie Weirbelwind am Haselbusch

Durch dürre Blätter raffelt.

Sind weiter, weiter, hop hop hop!

Sing's fort in laufendem Galopp,

Dafs Kofs und Keiter schnoben

Sind Kies und Funken hoben.

Wie flog, was rund der Mond beschien,

Wie flog es in die Ferne!

Wie flogen oben über hin

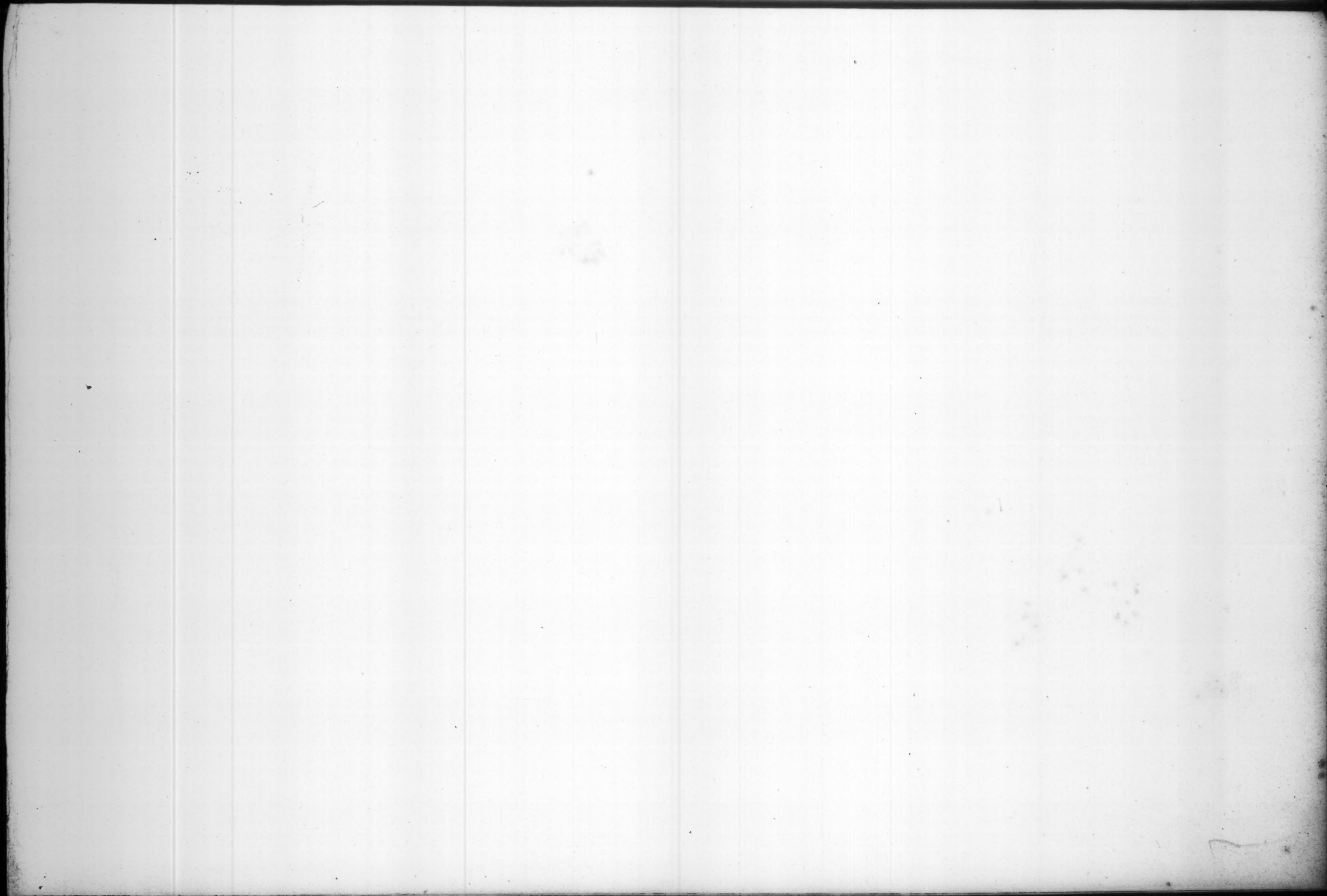
Der Himmel und die Sterne!

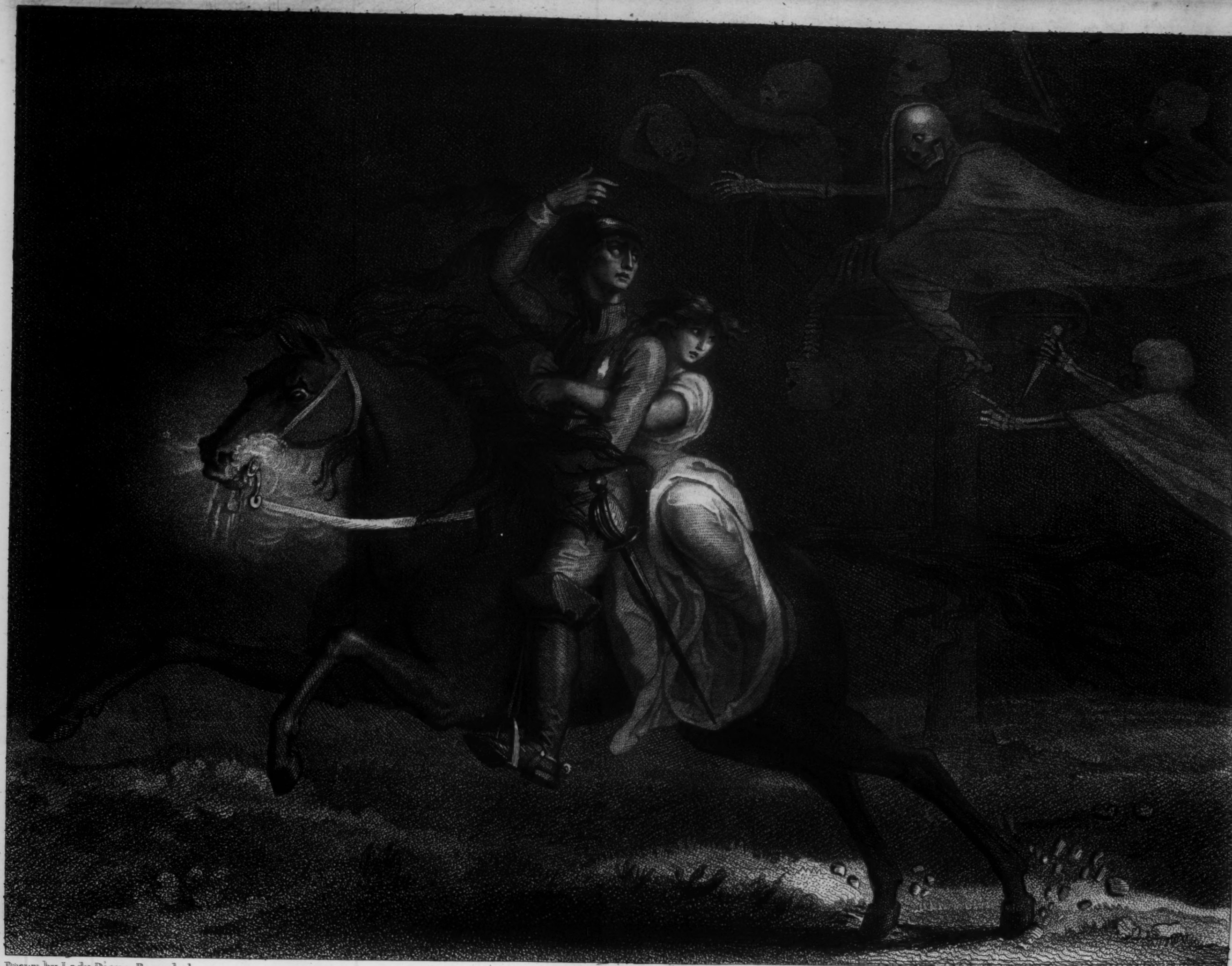
“Graul Liebchen auch! Der Mond scheint hell!

Haurah! die Todten reiten schnell!

Graul Liebchen auch vor Todten?”

“O weh! Laß ruhn die Todten!”





Drawn by Lady Diana Beauclerk.

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Engraved by Harding.

Forward th' obedient phantoms push,
Their trackless footsteps rustle near,
In sound like autumn winds that rush
Through withering oak or beech-wood fere.
With lightning's force the courser flies,
Earth shakes his thund'ring hoofs beneath,
Dust, stones, and sparks, in whirlwind rife,
And horse and horseman pant for breath.

Swift roll the moonlight scenes away,
Hills chafing hills successive fly;
E'en stars that pave th' eternal way,
Seem shooting to a backward sky.

"Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;

"Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!

"The dead does Leonora fear?"

"Oh God! oh leave, oh leave the dead!"

“Kapp! Kapp! Stieh dunkel der Nacht schon ruft:

Bald wird der Sand verrinnen:

Kapp! Kapp! Ich wittre Morgenluft:

Kapp! Tummle dich von hinten!

Mollbracht, vollbracht ist unser Lauf!

Das Hochzeittbett thut sich auf!

Die Todten reiten schnelle!

Wir sind, wir sind zur Stelle.”

Kalch auf ein eisern Eitterthor

Sing's mit verhängtem Zügel;

Mit schwanker Oert' ein Schlag davor

Zersprengte Schloß und Kiegel.

Die Flügel fliegen klirrend auf,

Sind über Gräber ging der Lauf:

Es blinkten Leichensteine

Rund um im Mondenscheine.

“ Barb! barb! methinks the cock’s shrill horn

“ Warns that our fand is nearly run:

“ Barb! barb! I scent the gales of morn,

“ Haste, that our course be timely done.

“ Our course is done! our fand is run!

“ The nuptial bed the bride attends;

“ This night the dead have swiftly sped;

“ Here, here, our midnight travel ends!”

Full at a portal’s massy grate

The plunging feed impetuous dash’d:

At the dread shock, wall, bars, and gate,

Hurl’d down with headlong ruin crash’d.

Thin, sheeted phantoms gibbering glide

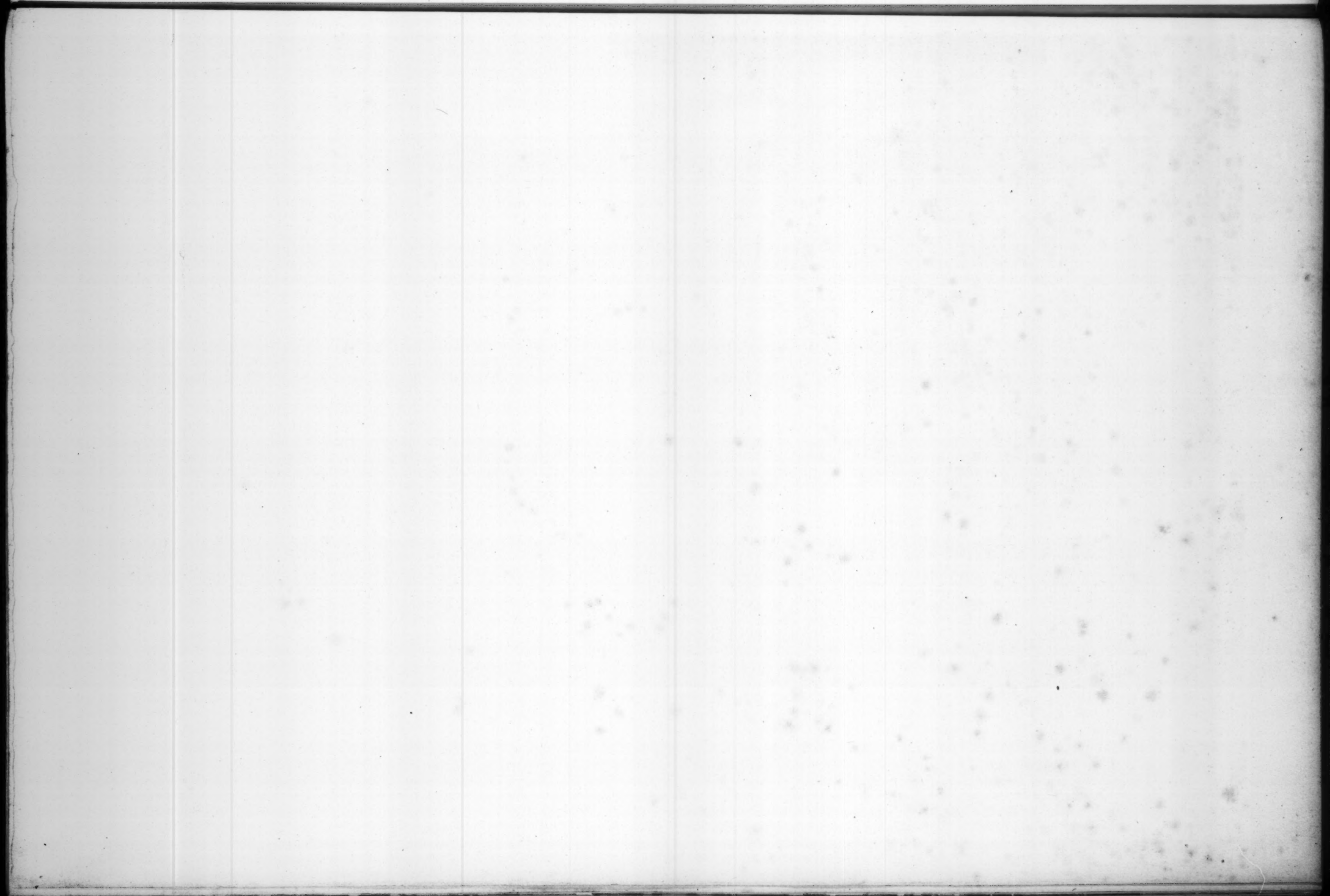
O’er paths, with bones and fresh skulls strewn,

Charnels and tombs on every side

Gleam dimly to the blood red moon.

Ha sieh! ha sieh! im Augenblick,
Hauhu! ein grafselich Wunder!
Des Reiters Koller, Stück für Stück,
Fiel ab, wie mürber Zunder,
Zum Schädel, ohne Zopf und Schopf,
Zum nackten Schädel ward sein Kopf;
Sein Körper zum Berippe,
Mit Stundenglas und Hippe.

Hoch bäumte sich, wild schnob der Kapp,
Und sprühte Feuerfunken;
Und hui! war's unter ihr hinab
Verschbunden und versunken.
Seheil! Seheil aus hoher Luft,
Gewinsel kam aus tiefer Gruft.
Lenorens Herz, mit Heben,
Kang zwischen Tod und Leben.





Drawn by Lady Diana Beauclerk.

Published June 1. 1796 by E. & S. Harding Pall Mall.

Engraved by Harding.

Lo, while the night's dread glooms increase,
All chang'd the wondrous horseman stood,
His crumbling flesh fell piece by piece,
Like ashes from consuming wood.
Shrunk to a skull his pale head glares,
High ridg'd his eyeless sockets stand,
All bone his length'ning form appears;
A dart gleams deadly from his hand.

The fiend horse snorts; blue fiery flakes
Collected roll his nostrils round;
High rear'd, his bristling mane he shakes,
And sinks beneath the rending ground.
Demons the thundering clouds bestride,
Ghosts yell the yawning tombs beneath;
Leonora's heart, its life-blood dried,
Hangs quivering on the dart of death.

Zum tanzen wohl bey Mondenglanz,
 Rund um herum im Kreise,
 Die Geißer einen Kettenanz,
 Und heulten diese Weise:

„Schuld! Schuld! Wenn's Herz auch bricht!
 Mit Gott im Himmel habre nicht!
 Des Leibes bist du ledig;
 Gott sey der Seele gnädig!“

DE R D E.



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Throng'd in the moon's eclipsing shade,
Of fiends and shapes a spectre crowd
Dance featly round th' expiring maid,
And howl this awful lesson loud:

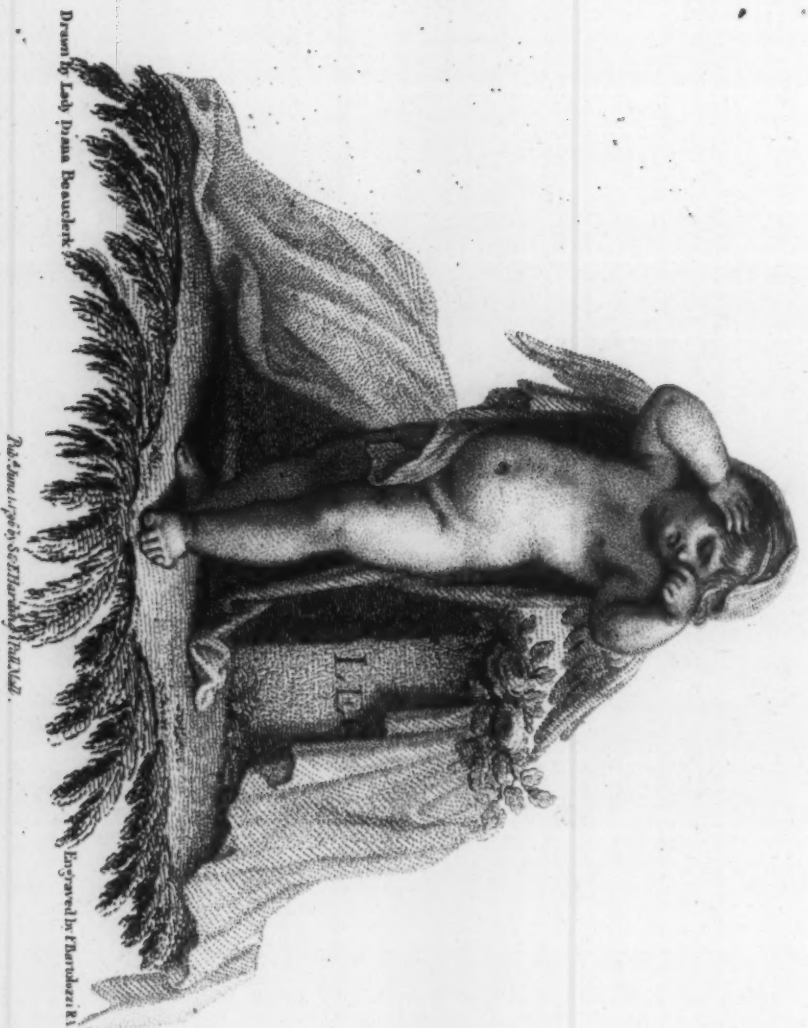
“Learn patience, though thy heart should break,

“Nor seek God's mandates to controul!

“Now this cold earth thy dust shall take,

“And Heav'n relenting take thy soul!”

THE END.



Drawn by Lady Diana Beauchamp

Engraved by Thomas Stothard

